What the **Christmas** "Waits" Sing

SANTA CLAUS being about to de-sert the city streets for his annual sert the city streets for his annual reindeer ride over the roofs, the "waits" prepare to sing their centuries

In several American cities has been revived the beautiful old custom of the "waits" going about from house to house singing the familiar old songs. Light the Christmas candles in your window if you want them to stop before your home!

God rest you merry, gentlemen; let nothing you dismay-

they will surely sing that, perhaps the best known of all old English carols. And this too:

> Hark! The herald angels sing, Glory to the newborn king.

And, of course, "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

Perhaps, too, they will sing what is said to be the earliest known Christmas carol, dating from the Angio-Norman days of the thirteenth century. which begins:

Lordlings, listen to our lay-We have come from far away To seek Christmas.

In this mansion we are told He his yearly feasts doth hold; 'Tis today!

May Joy come from God above To all those who Christmas love,

This carol ends with the toast of those days:

"Here, then, I bid you all wassail, cursed be he who will not say drink-Wassail" meaning your health and "drinkhail" being the usual and

courteous acknowledgment. One of the best known of all the old carols, although not one of the oldest, was written by Nahum Tate in 1703 and is called the "Song of the Angels." It begins:

While shepherds watched their flocks by night.

All scated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down And glory shone around.

Many are the carols in which Britnin's ancient holly figures. "Then drink to the holly berry," pledges one writer of songs, while another in "Under the Holy Bough" summons "All ye



Singing at the Doors,

who have scorned each other or injured friend or brother, come gather here, And then there's that grand old hymn "Adeste Fideles." sung in every church in this land and in others, at this

Oh, come, all we faithful, Joyful and triumphant!

Rests in heavenly peace.

Christmas season:

Come ye, oh, come ye to Bethlehem!

Christmas would not be Christmas, of course, if the "waits" were to neglect one other of the most beautiful of old carols:

Holy night, peaceful night! Through the darkness beams a light. Holy night, peaceful night! Through the darkness beams a light! Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep O'er the babe who, in silent sleep, Rests in heavenly prace,

If there are any of you who have in mind an after Christmas dinner evening of song to the accompaniment of a harpsichord, a spinet, a lute or a piano or even the modern and much advertised disk machine, it might be well to try this on the company:

"Hark the Herald Angels Sing." Hark! The herald angels sing. Glory to the newborn king; Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled! Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies, With the angelic host proclaim Christ is born in Bethlehem. Hark! The herald angles sing, Glory to the newborn king!

LEGISLES CONTRACTORIS

A Lesson In Christmas Spirit **LEGRES SERVES SERVES**

It was the day before Christmas last year. All my shopping had been done (or so I thought) when I suddenly re-membered hearing my eldest son, a lad of eight years, say, "Oh, I hope Santa will bring me a harmonicon this Christmas,", says a writer in the New York Evening Sun.

Of course I could not disregard such a wish, and, although it was raining. I put on my storm coat and rubbers and with umbrella in hand started out for one of our large department stores,

On arriving at the counter where this particular article was displayed I found every one so busy I could not



The Two Boys Looked at Me.

get attention for some time, and while waiting my turn I noticed two sadly neglected looking little boys of about six and eight years respectively standing very close to the counter and looking, oh, so longingly at these same harmonicons, when suddenly one of the young saleswomen turned sharply around and in a loud voice si d. "Now, then, if you two boys don't get away from here at once I'll call the floorwalker and have you arrested." At the time this sudden attack was made upon these poor little waits I was holding in my hands two of these same musical instruments, trying to decide which of the two kinds I would take.

The larger one of the boys looked up at me with a frightened look, as if to say, "Oh, we didn't mean to steal anything," when I said, "Boys, would you each like one of these harmonicons?" They said nothing, but the look of surprise (gratitude they knew nothing of) when I put one in each boy's dirty little hands I shall not forget to my dying day, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" they were out of the store and out of sight. I turned to the young woman, saying, "I will pay for them," when I noticed the tears in her eyes.

When she finally found her voice she said, "Oh, madam, I am so sorry I spoke as I did." "Well, never mind," said: "you didn't understand. I am the mother of two boys and know what a boy craves." When she handed me my change and package she said, "I shall never forget this day; it has taught me a lesson,"

Tuning Up For Christmas.

With a whirl and a swirl and a terrible roar

It blew in at evening from an arctic

Traffic it blocked and the treacherous street

Glitters and fwinkles with silvery sleet.

Dotts in armies and soldiers a-plenty Gifts for kiddles and sweet and twenty, Gifts for grannics and aunties and

dads. Gifts for using and losing and fads! Gifts for nurses and chauffeurs and

. cooks, Gifts for bookworms, who read all their books!

Gifts for sinners and sneerers and saints. Tops for spinners and pastels and

Music, mechanical, mirrors or lamps. Turkeys for orphans and newsboys

and tramps. Gifts that are fluffy and gifts that are grim:

A necklace for Jessie, a scarfpin for Full sets of the classics and gleaming

gold pieces Suitable-very-for sweet little nieces. Calendars, virtuous, witty or wise, Flowers and bonbons and puddings

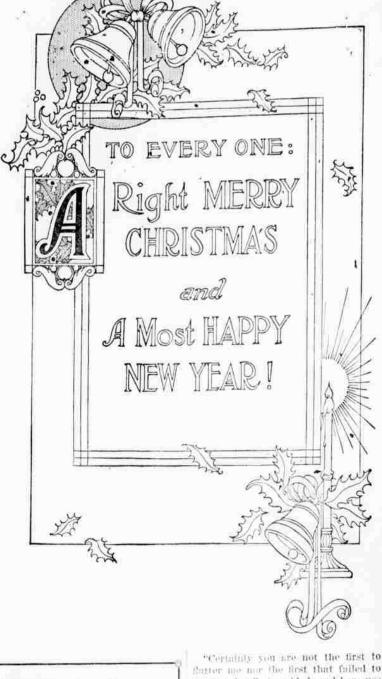
and pies! Cynics there be who deride and defy

them, But we, in our dreams, even byy them and tie them!

As ever old winter, with snowdrift and sleet. Transmutes the whole town into Santa

York Times.

Claus street! Elizabeth Newport Hepburn in New



Dufresnay's Christmas Awakening

N Christmas morning of the year 1681 M. Dufresnay's apartments were in some confusion. Monsieur himself as he siept on a spindle egged sofa was not the very image of order. His rose colored satin cost was under his head, and his silk stockinged calves dangled ever the end of his all too brief hed. The eards of yesterday and vesternight bestrowed the floor,

He was disturbed by the insistent tinkling of a bell. Dufresmy groaned and struggled to his feet.

On opening the door he beheld a very beautiful young tady qualityly disguised as a working woman and carrying a large basket such as laundresses use. Dufresnay retreated in confusion. bowing profoundly and wrestling with

"I pray you pardon me, mademoiselle. I did not expect a—a vision!"

And I near you monsieur. mock me," she replied, with a wry lit-



"I Did Not Expect a Vision!"

tle smile. "The last time I came your servant said you had no money. You owe me 17 livres."

Dufresnay gazed in speechless incredulity for a moment and then burst out laughing.

"A merry Christmas to you, mademoiselle!" he cried, "Is the basket for me?

"I wish you also a merry Christmas, But please, please listen to me. Perhaps the wine is not yet out of your kend. But I must have money today. Surely you can understand?"

Dufresnay partially mustered his wits and attempted an elaborate compliment.

"I have seen all the shepherdesses of our Arcadian Versailles and- By the goddess of the laundry, you are not crying! The basket is very heavy. And here are actual shirts!"

He looked in comic perplexity from the basket to the girl. Then he said gently, "Has no one ever told you how beautiful you are?"

factor me nor the first that failed to payame, but," she added, and her eyes filled with tears, "I find better hopes of you. Fine words will not help me." "I know they will not. What have

I that will bring 17 livres? This ring?" "But that is a wedding ring," "My mother's. And it is for my wife. It is for you."

pork tur set,"

"I was never myself before," insistd Dufrismiy.

At this moment a stately personage ppeared in the doorway and rang the hell with great vicer. Imposing greated him with delight.

"Is his northly returned to Paris? You Ho is well?"

Turning to the girl, he said: "I am, as perhaps you know, the king's poor dissuun, as poor as he is rich. M. Ribot has been the bearer of many cel gifts. Monsieur, mindemoiselle is ny betrothed?

"About! M. Dufresuny, his mulesty intrusted has with this Christmas 500 tonis, I believe, and this commission creating you valet de chambre du rol, with a stipend of 100,000 flyres per mnum. I congratulate you, monsieur, As I have many other commissions to execute for his gracious majesty, I

"Present my grateful thanks and Christmus wishes to his malesty,

oust humbly take my leave."

M. Ribot made his departure with somewhat the air of one who gladly takes leave of questionable company. "May I also congratulate you, monsieur?" timidly ventured the girl. "You can pay the now," she added rather

"You see my establishment-how I live. Could not the order of these apartments be improved? Will you abandon me amid such rains? The abbe who ministers in the church youder is my good friend."

"Why, he is also my abbe!"

"Wonderful! White lambs and black ire affike his care. I jam a most unlucky gamester. And you can give me better luck then ever came of winning. On my honor, I love you. And the able will be very glad to see us. Shall we not make the good old man happy?" "If you will monsionr,"-W. R. Van Deusen in New York Evening Sun.

A Christmas Prayer.

God grant no little child may go With hungry heartsor empty hand-Give this thy world one radiant day To understand, to understand,

Give us the fitting word to say, The spendthrift smile, the brave caress;

Disclose our hearts and give us now The courage of our tenderness! Lord, we are old with toil and tears, Our souls are veiled with various art, Yet still the little children keep Thine ancient simpleness of heart-

And they alone of all thy breath May bind the burning angel's eyes And, striking laughter from the sword, Retrace the years to paradise. They are so brave with love and

So eager eyed and, ah, so dear! think we must return them now

dreams.

The faith they bore across the year. think that we must give them now The spendthrift smile, the kindly

That earth may keep its ancient hope And we thy full commandments, Lord.

-Dana Burnet.

Christmas Tree For the Birds PROPERTURE PROPERTURE

Mr. and Mrs. Song Sparrow, the Misses Flicker, Cock Robin, Miss Jennie Wren, Sir Woodpecker and other members of the feathered Four Hundred who were lured by warm days at beginning of one winter into stopping with us, only to find themselves sadly hit later by the high cost of living, were thrown into a flutter of excitement by cards issued by Miss Louise Laidlaw of Sands Point, N. Y., to a birds' Christmas tree party.

It was held in the bird sanctuary on the Laidlaw place, near the commodious home built for bird tenants in a sheltering elm there. The tree was

For days little Miss Louise was busy in the pauses of her lessons, stringing



The Birds' Christmas Tree.

"That is a cruel jest. And I thought cranberries, popcorn, nuts and other on were so different. You have never daintles beloved of birds. Strings of cen me before, but I live not far red skinned apples, cut into tiny pieces way, and I have often seen you. You convenient for birds to peck at, were are not yourself now or you would not a prominent feature of the decorations, of so were bacon rinds and lumps of ener, which are good to keep warmth in the little bodies when the cold creeps and ratheir feathered coats.

Louise, who spent most of her in the country, studied the ways blick and their likings, and she they are as strongly attractwight colored things as are chil-That is why the tree was made dry with gay tinted berries.

There was a large attendance, and to lirds were turned away, no matter how shabby their coats or disreputable their reputations. The blustering little English sparrows were welcomed with the rest, although they tried to bully present for you-this purse of gold, the others, Even grouchy old Sir Crow was permitted to peck a bit.

The Spanish Santa Claus.

In*Spain, however, it is not Santa Claus, but one of the three kings, no less a person, indeed, than Balthasar, who is the purveyor of gifts. He is always represented as a negro, even in the pictures of the old masters, and as such he survives in Spanish legend. On the eye of the Epiphany the children Jeave their shoes and boots out in convenient spot near the chimsome ney, to find them laden with gifts in the morning. Boots, in fact, preceded the stocking everywhere, the superior advantages of the latter as a receptacle having been a recent discovery. In Belgium to this day the children give their shoes an extra fine polish on Christmas eve, fill them with hay, oats or carrots for Santa Claus' white horse and put them on the table or set them in the fireplace. The room is then carefully closed and the door locked. In the morning a strange thing is found to have occurred. The furniture is all turned topsy turvy, the fodder has been removed from the shoes, and in its place the good little children find all sorts of nice things and the bad ones only rods made of birch. In other localities baskets, dishes and wooden ware are made the receptacles. But the elasticity of the stocking, its adaptability and the fact that, while it preserves the individuality of the owner like a shoe, it may yet be cleaned and made ready for the reception of edible presents-these characteristics have caused it to grow into general favor among the juvenile votaries of Santa Claus,

Derived From Days of Yore.

It is a beautiful arrangement and derived from the days of yore that this festival, which commemorates the an-nouncement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose, of calling back the children of a family who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again.-Washington Irving.

"A Visit Fr St. Nicho

WHAT is the he the world? gy." nor "Ti Shirt," - nor "The IL Night Before Christin is not so well know. One recent Christ Clement Clarke Mor never before. Abox chapel of Holy Trip York, the choir boy night before Christ of light was held. monial starts will torchbearers who from the leader's fi winds through the is passed back from iil the lights grow

pel the surrounding

The father of Ch.

was once the bishor "The Night Tiefe published originally thor's knowledge in two days before Moore had written Christmas Just for 1 own children out its ped beyond the family unknown friend sent The Sentinel is iders to it, and it possed until seven yours lat paper reprint it. tion was very differ-"A Visit From St. N. then entitled, was and its author awal if not himself, fam-

Although Clement educated for the I took orders. For ti his life he was ideal York General The being professor of and Greek and lat-

Clement Moore's sorrows. His wife age of thirty-five daughters, for all Night Before Chr. their childleool I sake lived to the is buried in the When "The N

was first published nel the editor was "We do not be indebted for the table



of that unwear that homely bu tion of parental his custom and about visiting t py land, laden ties, but from have come wa There is to our cordial goodness of fancy and a enter into the isimple pleasure altogether chartle patrons, both accept it as a to good will toward warmest wish many' a merry may long retain for these unboug which derive the piety and fratera they may be assurloyed that time on Philadelphia Press

Christmas Son

Oh. Christmas is When human he And human half And all the war

And Christmas is . For back long. Christ was boys to The joy that w

But not alone at Is happiness an For he who really Hath Christmas 411